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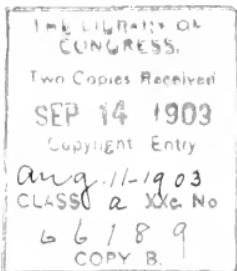
The
Keeper of the Gate

OR

The Sleeping Giant of
Lake Superior

B Y

Sara Stafford



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THE

Our Town Boys

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
EXCLUSIVELY DEDICATED

The Shallow, Central, Part of Lake Ontario



THE top of Thunder Cape, Lake Superior, when seen at a distance presents the outline of an immense reclining human figure to which the Indians give the name of Nanna-bijou, or the Sleeping Giant.

The Sleeping Giant rests in purple calm,
With folded arms upon the dusky height,
Around his feet the breakers rise and fall,
While o'er his breast the sea gulls wing their flight,
The gusty night wind sighs with sobbing sound,
Singing a requiem to departing day,
Darkling are crisp in foam the waves around,
The lights are twinkling in the distant bay.

Amid the storm or sunshine calm he lies,
While ebbs and flows the tide of human life,
With face intent he looks upon the skies,
While mankind frets and fumes in wearied strife,
So rests the eye of faith unswervingly,
On Heaven above amid life's changing sea.

J. HENDERSON.

F O R E W O R D

MANY years ago the Ojibway Indians told of a double-headed key that lay in the nest of the Thunder Bird high up on Thunder Cape. Years later it has been explained by an Indian legend. As you go up the Sault St. Marie River there lies before you two of the largest canals in the world, one built by the Canadian government and the other by the American. Through these the big steamer enters Lake Superior, or as the Indians call it, "Big Sea Water." In the canal the water rises higher and higher until you are level with the water of the "Big Kitchigome." As she reaches the Golden Gateway the Sleeping Giant guards the gate. It is here the words of Hiawatha come to the mind of the traveler.

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."

The Sleeping Giant

or The Double-Headed Key to Lake Superior

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

AS you enter Lake Superior the double-headed key is explained by the two great canals which launch the steamers into the Kitchigome as the Indians call it, meaning in English "Big Sea Water." After a night and a morning's journey you come to the entrance of the harbor of two of the most thriving towns in Canada, Port Arthur and Fort William. The Marquis of Lorne called it years ago "The Silver Gateway of Ontario." Mount McKay looms up nineteen miles across the water like a monitor in the mouth of the harbor. Thunder Cape, or the Sleeping Giant, lies in the southwest, with the Pie and Welcomes opposite making the gateway to the Bay. It is here that the legend is told by Shinwauk: In the seventeenth century a band of Ojibways came up the chain of lakes from some distant place in the far east. According to tradition the Ojibways separated into different bands while the main body remained near the Sault St. Marie, at Garden River. Shinwauk with his little band settled on Isle Royale, while others located along the north shore of Lake Superior. The word Ojibway is derived from the word "pucker," their moccasins were made with such a peculiar pucker in the heel. But there is another tale whispered low, that when the Ojibways went to battle they were never satisfied until they baked their enemies into a nice brown pucker. One morning at early dawn Shinwauk and his tribe on Isle Royale saw the Giant

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The Gate** Nanna-bijou come in his snow-white boat made from the skin of birds. At the bow of the boat sat the Thunder Bird enveloped in a cloud, and the flash of his eye was as lightning, and the echo of his voice made a roar as of thunder. As the boat lay on the surface of the water, the rays of the sun reflected the most beautiful colors, all rose and gold, around the head of the Giant, sending a light to the remotest village of the red man. The Indians tell that the Giant suddenly disappeared and that sickness and death came to every wigwam on the Island until one morning he appeared again bringing with him his grandmother, old Nikomos. Old Nikomos busied herself painting the plumage of the birds afresh each spring and making the eyes of the aged Ojibways sun clear. The Giant also brought four brothers with him, who took charge of the boat. Their names were Wabin; Kabin; Kabikomk, the North Wind; and Shadwana, the South Wind. Here at Isle Royale the Giant guarded the bay and after putting the band under oath to keep the secret, he showed them an underground passageway that led from Silver Islet out on the highest cliff of Thunder Cape. The key of this door had two heads and lay in the nest of the Thunder Bird. At the mouth of an old mine on Isle Royale can be seen today a rock of ore, weighing over a ton, which shows a process of mining the metal which is now a lost art. It is also said that spades and shovels of an enormous size have been taken out of this mine that only a race of giants could have used. Here the Indians made idols which they carried with them when making war.

upon neighboring tribes and showed such wealth that the Sioux and Iroquois became jealous. Shin-wank had a beautiful daughter who was named Woo. Her godfather being Nisha-Nahma, King of the Fishes, gave her power at her birth over all living things under water. Woo was beloved by all the tribe and when she walked in the woods the birds would nestle in her hair and bosom. When the Indians wished the fish to deposit their spawn up stream, Woo would wave a branch of the red maple over the water, sending the fish where she willed. Atatharho, a bad Sioux, had long watched the tribe and wanted to find out where



Foot of the Giant

they procured their wealth. Seeing the Ojibways braves assemble at one place near the Cape, he concealed himself by crawling into a birch bark log and listened. Several Indians came and seated themselves upon the log, making Atatharho's teeth chatter in his head with fear. Finally he recovered enough to hear each brave give the sign word "Shuniah," meaning in English, silver. Then he heard the Giant say: "If this secret is ever given to a pale face it means death to all the tribe." Atatharho waited until the band had gone; then he

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The Gate** sped like an arrow out of a bow; got into his canoe and paddled towards the Sault St. Marie. He would tell his tribe, he thought, but at the entrance to Lake Superior he met two white hunters. "Here," he thought, "is my revenge. I will tell the pale faces the sign word and the Giant will think the Ojibways are false, and will be revenged upon them," and he hugged himself with delight. The two white hunters were pleased to find a real silver mountain and readily pushed their boat towards the Cape. Atatharho, after pointing the way to the Cape, paddled his canoe to the River Kaministica, thinking he could safely there watch the fury of the Thunder Bird. The white hunters were seen to push their boat upon the shore. Agates and precious stones glittered in the sunlight. They climbed higher and higher until every vestige of their forms passed into gloom. The sun peeped over the Cape and hung one glow of rose and gold. white fleecy clouds mounted high in the heavens. The hunters took this as a good omen and laughed the Thunder Bird to scorn. Just then a shadow of the Cape loomed against the sky, suddenly it became dark as night, the water that had been so calm a moment before was now white as foam. The wind became a hurricane, then a cyclone, the ancient crags crashed down the heights as each breaking wave screamed in triumph and bounded back again. The trees became uprooted, and hurling into space, shot down the mountain side like spears. The waters circled and swirled like monsters against the rocks. Lightning glared and wild shrieks came from the gloom. How long

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Lake Superior**

the tempest lasted the Indians never knew. They say about the fourth day they found themselves upon their knees praying to the Great Manitou to save them. No camp fires could be seen, many lodges were empty, the Cape still roared by day and lightning glared by night, and the cliffs echoed back the roars of the thunder that shook the Island. On the fourth day they saw a small boat drifting in the weeds at the mouth of the River Kaministica. The chief sent two braves to bring it to Isle Royale. When they reached the place they found Atatharho, the Sioux, lying in the bottom of the boat. His hair was white as snow and all seathed with fire, the death shadows were upon his face, the sunlight shone in the dim eyes, his voice was weak. He had changed from youth to old age. In his delirium he raved: "The mountain is in flames; the rocks are shaken; I have ruined the world." Then he lay dead on the banks of the Kaministica. The storm was over and the bay flushed with rose and white as the sun went down, all the air was filled with light, and as the Indians looked towards the Cape, a vast change had come, the upheaval had made the Cape into the shape of the "Sleeping Giant," lying with his face to the sky like a mighty hero on his tomb. They buried Atatharho on the banks of the Kaministica, where a lonely grave can be seen today. Down at Sault St. Marie, where Woo stood waving the fish up stream, had changed from quiet water into the well known Sault Rapids. Nanna-Bijou reclines upon his fleecy couch, and before a storm drift great shafts and

**The
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The Gate** pinnacles of flame and black clouds with terrible fury, making it a sight never to be forgotten. The storms used to be more frequent, and now, when the children are playing in the streets of the two beautiful little towns which are built upon the shore, they will run in, frightened, for the thunder roars and the lightning answers back while the sun shines brightly in the heavens. The Indians say "Nanna-bijou is angry," but he lies with his face upturned to the west, wrapped in the most gorgeous colors the sun can produce.

Thunder Cape

"Tis the voice of the Giant who guards the Bay,
"Oh, white-winged ship, make no delay,
For the war birds of heaven are loose" he cries,
"I know their breath in the burning skies,
With folded arms so mighty and strong."
The waves do his bidding and dash along,
But hark, to the crashing long and loud,
It is the chariot of God in the thundercloud.



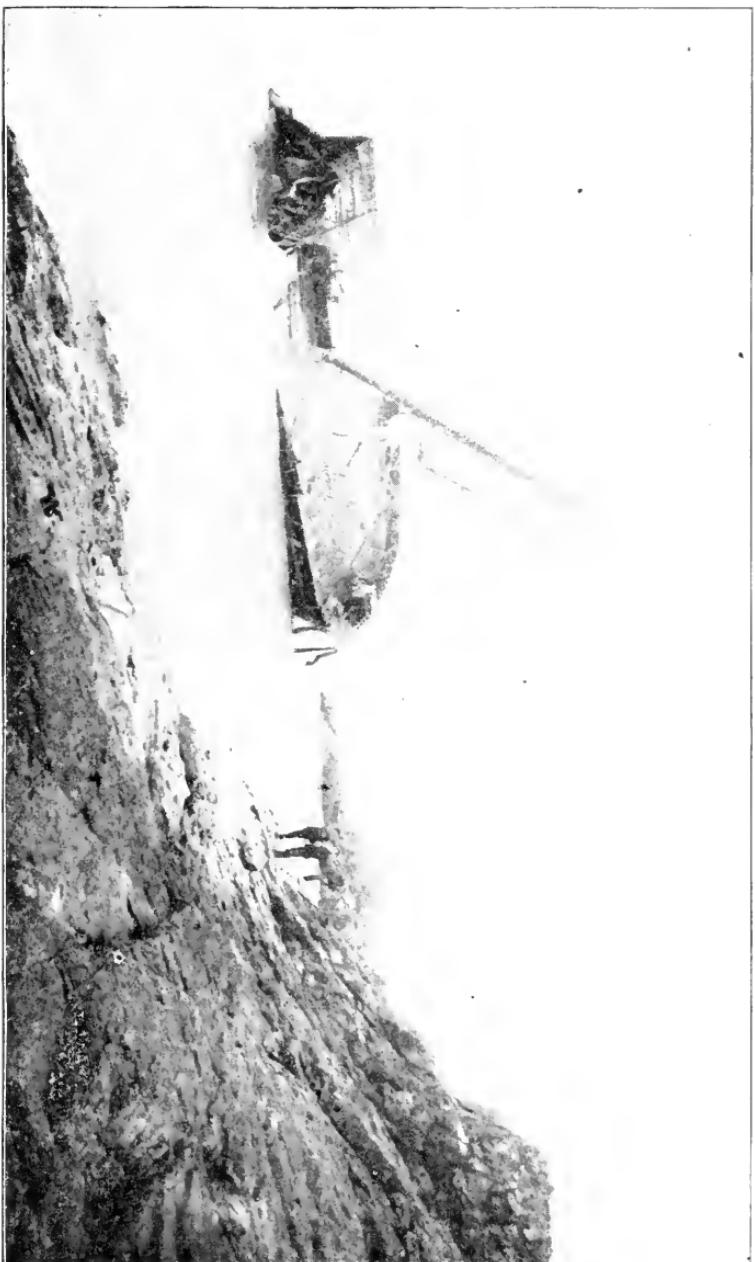
"Silver Islet lies in the gateway of the Bay."

Silver Islet

SILVER ISLET lies in the gateway of the Bay as you enter the harbor of Port Arthur and Fort William on the north shore of Lake Superior. Outside of this beautiful Silver Islet is a bar of land, and upon it was sunk the Silver Islet Mine, which is said to have an underground passageway to the Cape. The Ojibways tell that the Giant came in the seventeenth century to guard the Silver Mountain as the secret had been given to a white man. Many were the storms that came to Lake Superior, thunder and lightning seemed to be ever pouring forth, and great angry clouds trailed around the Giant as he lay there in state. The Indians say as they paddle their canoe across the lake, "Nanna-bijou is angry tonight." It is evening and a storm is coming over the Bay, the sea gulls are screaming close to the shore, the night is cold and gloomy. It is autumn and two people stand clasped together in the lighthouse gazing at the lake, for it is time the government steamer should be here. It is the last trip of the season and these people are waiting for their winter supplies. They have signed a contract to guard the mine and look

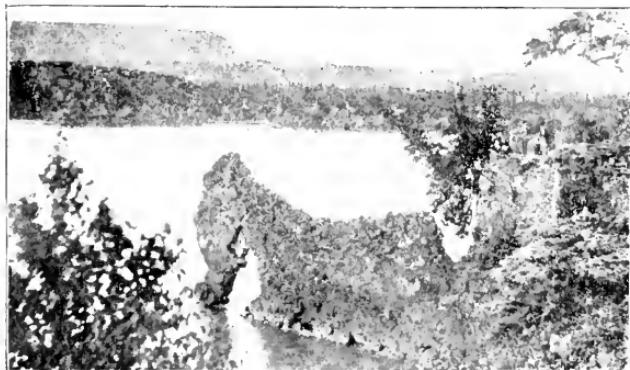
**The
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The Gate** after the lighthouse until spring. The wind is rising higher and higher and the house dog howls dismally. When midnight comes, the wind has become a tempest, the waves dash higher against the rocks, and the two watchers, being exhausted, have gone to sleep. Morning breaks, and when they awake, pieces of wreckage come ashore, and well they know the steamer, with their winter supplies, has gone down. How will they get through the winter? The days go by, and Christmas Day they talk of their old home in England and say "What are they doing? Do they think of us?" And Albert sings in his fine barytone voice, "Heart of my Heart" and "I'll be True to Poll." The days become colder and colder, now and then a flock of snow birds come to the lighthouse. Each day they count up their supplies, and scant they are. Across the Bay for miles nothing is to be seen but white snow, miles of a white world; the snow is piled over everything, cold, hard, and impassible. The last few nights an owl has disturbed them, sending a chill into the heart of the wife with its mournful hooting. It will not go away, and one morning Albert finds it at the door huddled up in a white ball, and, offering it food, it will not eat. Jean is feeling more lonely than usual one night, when Albert said "I will sing you something, wife," and he sang some of his old English songs, which seemed to cheer her. The next morning he complains of his head, and Jean gives him a simple medicine she possessed, but each day he becomes worse, until delirium clouds his brain altogether. He cries: "Jean, where are the candles? Light

"Morning breaks, and when they awake, pieces of wreckage come ashore."



them, dear wife, make a bright light, let no ship go down," then he sinks into an unconscious state from which he never awakens. For days she kneels beside him until the thought comes, "I must bury him. Oh, what a hard, white world; the earth cannot be broken, but he will not decay." Then she makes a couch in the woodshed, and there she half drags and half carries him. She knows no time until one morning she becomes aware there is little food in the house. Sitting in the twilight thinking of her dead husband she seems to see him before her. He says: "Jean, take some of your beautiful, black hair and make snares; the rabbits are plentiful." Then the next evening he says: "Make a line for my old fishing rod, go to the little river near the bar and see if you can catch some fish." Thus each evening he came and talked to her. In the mornings she will go around and see if her snares have caught anything, and

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The Silver Lion.

many times they are full. When the signs of warmer weather comes she fishes in the river that lies on the top of the mountain, and here, strange

The Keeper of The Gate to say, the fish have no eyes. In the pool near the bar she catches two kinds of fish, one with a straight tail, while the other has a nick in the tail.

That evening her dead husband tells her that the King of the Fishes, having sold himself to the devil, ran away, and the devil, overtaking him, caught a small piece out of his tail. Summer is now coming, birds of all kinds are singing around the lighthouse, and navigation will soon be open. One morning in the early spring a steamer passes the island, a small boat can be seen rowing quickly to shore. It is the manager of the mine, but when he goes up to the little home in the lighthouse and sees the poor creature with her dead lying in the woodshed, his heart fails him, for reason has fled. The lovely eyes look into vacancy, gold and silver are dross to her. She is brought to the nearest town, and from there to an asylum where she talks in low whispers, saying: "Hear the birds beating their wings upon the light house. What a strange cry that bird has. She must be looking for her mate." Then again, "How cold the earth is, and that dreary white lake. Oh, see their eyes." The Silver Islet Mine is still water logged and cannot be worked. It is twenty-nine years since the new caretaker came, his large family are grown up into young men and women. He can be seen driving over the ice in the winter to the nearest town. Many boats come into the harbor now and there is no fear of starvation. The Indians say the Sleeping Giant will not allow a white man to reach the Silver Mountain. On the Island the many buildings are crumbling to the ground, one immense old storehouse still stands

intact. Through the summer, campers visit the spot, but they are not allowed to go into the mine. The caretaker says the mine will be opened some day.

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A protege of the Hudson Bay Company.



"It was evening and the sun had descended below the water."

Pie Island

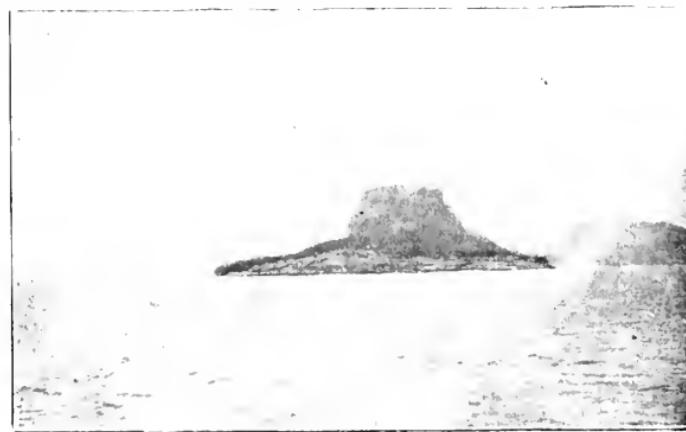
or The White Man's Foot

IT was evening, the sun had descended below the water, the waves were crimson as blood, and the air was filled with a glorious light as the shadow of night fell, and the Evening Star hung suspended over Pie Island. Here the Ojibways tribe lived, and Chief Shinwauk had four comely daughters. Nabusa, the youngest, was small of stature, and the fairest of them all. She was a silent dreamy maiden, and the King of the Fishes, Nisha-Nama, had, at her birth, given her power over all things under water. Standing at the shore she heard the voice of the Great Spirit saying: "I send you my Son of the Evening Star, he is the star of woman, he has great tenderness in his bosom and mystery in his being." Suddenly the oak trees began to tremble and the wigwams to sway through the air, and the Evening Star lighted soft as a snowflake. There at the foot of an oak tree sat a young man, white and beautiful. Nabusa loved him at once and her voice trembled as she whispered welcome. The three sisters came up

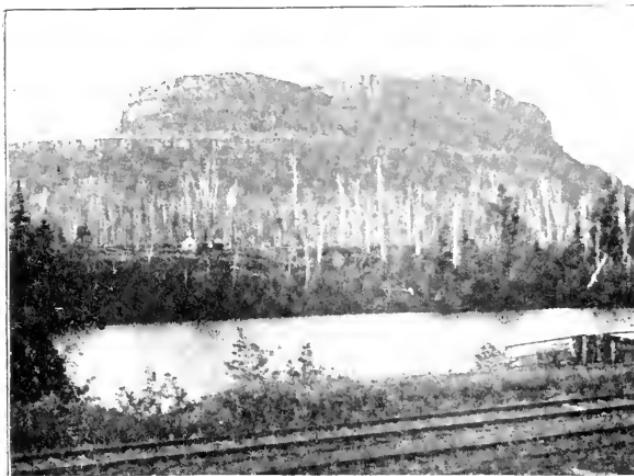
with their warrior husbands, and seeing Nabusa with her arms around the young white man, they began to taunt and make fun of their sister. As they went through the forest the sisters laughed all the more. When night fell and the camp fires were lighted the young man told the Indians where he had come from. He said "I have seen a water bigger than this (Big Sea Water), broader than the Kitchigome, and so bitter none could drink it." "Kaw," they said, "We do not believe it." "Yes," said the white man, "through this water came a boat with wings, flying bigger than those pine trees, yes, taller than those tall tree tops." The old men and women of the tribe tittered at each other and said "Kaw; we don't believe it." "Through its mouth," he said, "there came lightning and Annemeekee (thunder)." "Kaw," they said, "what lying tales you tell us." "And these great boats with wings were guided by white men with hair on their chins and faces." "Kaw," they said, "We don't believe it." Only Nabusa did not laugh. She believed it and said, "I have had a vision, I saw it." The young white man said, "I have seen them and they are coming from the region of the morning and many people are on these wooden vessels. Kitchee Manitou, the mighty, sends them upon his errand and beneath their footsteps springs a flower unknown to us, a flower called the White Man's Foot." Nabusa's sisters grew angry and called upon their husbands and the rest of the tribe to kill this man for he had poisoned the mind of their sister. They called upon Waban, the magician, to send up a dense smoke so that they would not know where to go.

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Arrows were hurled at the young white man who held Nabusa in his arms, both were pierced to the heart, and when their blood fell upon the island they felt themselves ascending, held by some unseen power, but rising higher and higher until, when the lovers looked down, the three sisters were changed into the Welcome Islands, while the one they had left slowly assumed the shape of a round English pie, and over the island bloomed and blossomed a flower called the White Man's Foot. Here, on pleasant nights in summer, when the Evening Star is shining, the spirit of Nabusa and the young white man walk together. The Evening Star looks down and sees the westward march of the unknown crowded nations, speaking many tongues, yet feeling but one heart beat in their bosoms. Over all their lakes and rivers rush great boats steaming thunder. Then a darker vision comes and it beholds the Indian nation scattered, weakened, and warring with each other, while the North Wind, Keewadin, whispers through the leaves of autumn ever westward, ever westward!



Pie Island



"Mount McKay stands thousands of feet above the level of the lake."

Legend of Mount McKay

ON the north shores of Lake Superior, where the River Kaministica, with its many turns, runs thousands of miles through the lovely woods into the big Kitchigome, meaning in English "Big Sea Water," or Lake Superior, Mount McKay stands thousands of feet above the level of the lake as if keeping guard at the mouth of the river. Perched on the side of the mountain, overlooking the river, is an old Jesuit chapel built by the first black-robed priests who came to this country. This chapel was a peace offering to the Great Manitou, for on this spot a tragedy was enacted, and ever since the Indians go once a year to pray for an abundant harvest and forgiveness for their sins. At the time of the tragedy it was autumn, and the fields were ripening with golden grain, and all the

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The Gate** tribes were at peace with one another for all the different tribes had come and smoked the old peace pipe. It was made of red sand stone, the stem being adorned with the Ojibway colors. This pipe was filled with willow bark. At about this time of the year, the women of the tribe rose at midnight and silently drew a magic circle around each field. This, they thought, kept the birds and insects away. In spite of all these precautions, one morning the fields were torn up and destroyed as if by malicious human hands. The magic circle was stamped out of existence and the ground upturned as if by a cyclone. The little band rose one morning at daybreak and soon the rush of wings in the pine trees showed Kagahgee, the King of the Ravens, with an army of blackbirds, crows, and jays, all cawing and making a tremendous noise. The tribe, with Chief Bukuginee, said, "We will give them a lesson they will never forget." Snares were set and the captured had their necks wrung and tied to poles, showing the uncaptured what had been done. Pole after pole was strung with their lifeless bodies, but alas! the work of devastation had been done. There seemed to be millions of birds and little grain to store. The winter came earlier than usual, and how cold a winter in the north can be! The ice on the rivers was thicker than ever known before, it seemed to be frozen clear to the bottom of the lake. Snowflakes fell until the face of nature was changed, the wigwams were buried under the snow, it was only a brave hunter that would come out, and he would fasten on his snowshoes and walk over the great

banks of snow through the forest trying to catch a bird, if ever so small. The footprints of the rabbit or deer would show that the animal was so thin from hunger that they could hardly make their way through the woods. Sometimes they would come upon them stiff in death where they had fallen from hunger. The women and children were thin and gaunt, wasting away with the famine fever. All seemed to be famished around them, the sky often had a dark, gray, hungry look, and at night, as they looked out of their tent door, they would see the eyes of wolves glaring at them. At the foot of Mount McKay lived an Indian named Nuska, because his ears were knobbed like an ear of red corn. He had been a mighty hunter, and his daughter Min-o-kee-gee, meaning in English



"Min-o-kee-gee, meaning in English 'Bright Sky,' had learned to trap and snare as well as her father."

The Keeper of the Gate "Bright Sky," had learned to trap and snare as well as her father. Nuska had been ill. They said it was the famine fever. He would come home with his hunting bag empty, and then sit in the wigwam silent and moody until the younger children were afraid of him. Min-o-kee-gee had tried to snare birds and do what she could for her family until one day her father's brother Quabeet, named because of his likeness to a beaver, came to the wigwam and said: "Rise up, Nuska, and go to the woods and hunt." The Indian rose up and said, handing his brother a tomahawk: "Here, kill me or I will kill you if you do not," and the glare in his eyes showed that he meant what he said. It was but the work of a moment for Quabeet to draw the ax, and a blow upon the head soon ended the sufferings of Nuska. He was carried out and laid upon a tree in the forest. The family went on snaring and trapping what they could catch of the hungry animals. Not long afterwards it was seen that Quabeet would visit the forest stealthily, then come home moody and silent. It was the custom of the Ojibway tribe if the husband died, the eldest brother was expected to take care of the family, and they now looked to Quabeet to help them. Finally the famine became so terrible that the children would beg Quabeet to go hunt, and for answer he said: "Go eat of the beast in the forest." That evening they followed him and saw that the body of their father had been taken out of the tree and parts had been cut away. A fire had been kindled and buttons off the clothing lay upon the ground. The Chief believed that Quabeet

had eaten his brother and become crazy. The next day, Quabeet came to Min-o-kee-gee and said: "You saw me kill your father, and now you must kill me in the same way or I cannot go to the happy hunting ground." She had heard the conversation between her father and his brother which ended in her father's life being taken, and she accepted it as her right. She knew no wrong when she took the ax and gave him one strong blow, severing his head from his body. The next morning there was nothing to eat in the house and her mother and the children were still asleep. She did not awaken them. She grasped the fatal ax

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Min-o-kee-gee.

"She grasped the fatal ax and started for the head of the lake."

and started for the head of the lake. Here the forest was roofed with ice, and snow hung on all

The Keeper of the Gate the branches. She strapped her snowshoes on tighter and sprang over the treacherous ice. As she paused to listen she could hear the howling of wolves and the waving of the great pine trees. She chose a spot upon the ice she thought was thinner than any she had passed over. Then she halted, and wielding the ax with her young strong arms until, joy! water could be seen. It was but the work of a moment for the girl to pull down her legging and cut a slice from the calf of her leg. She felt no pain, this was something that had to be done, and there was no murmur came from her lips as she caught the bleeding piece of flesh to the hook and trolled it down into the icy waters. Ah! a tug upon the line, and she pulled a big fish out of the water, soon another and another lay quivering upon the snow. With her arms filled, and almost fainting, she arrived home and laid them down at the feet of the starving children. Then she turned. Her lover stood beside her. He had been away with the young men of the tribe on a hunt. She knew by the look of his face he had seen the bodies of her father and her uncle in the forest and her voice was almost a whisper as she said: "I killed him as he killed my father." "Oh, mighty Manitou," he screamed, "I will not marry you; you would kill me." And he fled through the forest. She sank to the ground with loss of blood, a medicine man was brought who gave her a magic drink, the tribe came and beat their drums and shook their rattles, chanted singly and in chorus. All this was done to drive the devil away, but none could help her. She lay as one in a

stupor, her lover shook his head, and walked as one afar off. The medicine man called upon the serpents to help him. He said: "I will get the skin of a hen hawk and a white beaver and blow her strong." But still Min-o-kee-gee grew weaker and weaker. They all whispered and looked at her as if she was a mysterious being. It came springtime and the woods had begun to bud and blossom with beauty as Min-o-kee-gee lay in the doorway of the wigwam. One day she said: "I can see something. I see my father and my uncle. They are beckoning to me. At the mouth of the river near the Sleeping Giant," she said, "there seems to be somebody coming in the hazy distance." Something loomed high upon the water, floating and flying it came nearer and nearer. Min-o-kee-gee shaded her eyes with her thin brown hand. Was it the White Goose, Wawa or the Heron, Shuhga, with the water flashing from its feathers, or the Pelican, Shada? It was none of these, but a birch-bark canoe rising on each wave until could be seen in early morning a white faced chief with a black robe, a priest of Christ. As he leaped from the canoe all the tribe knelt in prayer, and with the gold cross held above his head he said: "Peace be with you and your people." As the tribe gathered around to listen to the words of the priest, he gave to Min-o-kee-gee the message of the gospel of peace and forgiveness. Min-o-kee-gee lay with the cross upon her breast, whispering: "I am going to my people; listen to the truth he tells for the Master of Life has sent him." The Chief said: "It is well. Oh,

friends, you have come so far to see us and brought the White Man's Book," and here, as the priest chanted the prayer, the spirit of Min-o-kee-gee had fled. High upon the top of Mount McKay was built a chapel, and there, once a year, the different tribes meet together and pray to the mighty Manitou for a blessing upon the crops and forgiveness for the sins of Min-o-kee gee.



"High upon Mount McKay was built a chapel."

Nanna-bijou

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TO the Ojibway Indians, Nanna-bijou is a ruler and good Spirit, second only to the Great Manitou. It is Nanna-bijou who teaches the squaws how to cook the paws of the great Black Bear. These are esteemed a fine delicacy, but Nanna-bijou informs the squaws they must not taste of this dish or they will die. When a child is born, if the sun shines all day Nanna-bijou has given him a long life; if the sun goes out of sight they say Nanna-bijou has given him a short life. Camping out one night on the banks of the Neebing River, an old Chief told this story of Nanna-bijou:

Nanna-bijou had been fishing on the banks of the Kaministiquia, and finding a deep pool where the trout lay, he soon had a goodly number upon his back. Thinking he would climb a tree that hung over the bank, he was nearing the top when a large bird swooped down upon him making him drop his fish. Just then some wolves came along with a carcase of a caribou which they had been eating, but, seeing the fish, they dropped it and greedily ate up the fish. Slipping down the trunk of the tree, Nanna-bijou caught up the caribou head and, fastening it upon his own shoulders, he sprang into his own canoe and paddled down stream. At that moment, a band of Indians saw him, and thinking it was a large caribou swimming in the lake, they made ready to kill him, but Nanna-bijou seeing them take

The aim at his head dove under the water while
Keeper the head floated down the river. He managed to
of reach the shore without being seen. Here he
The Gate followed a small path through the woods until
he was met by a young man who was going his
way. On coming to an old log house, Nanna-
bijou said, "I am going in, but you must stay
outside until I come out." The young man
stood there, and noticing a knot hole in one of
the logs, he peeped through and saw Nanna-
bijou talking to an old man and woman. He
heard him say to the old man, "Would you
like to be young again?" and the old man said,
"Yes." Here Nanna-bijou opened the oven door
and put the old man in, then, turning to the
old woman, he asked her the same question, and
she answering in the affirmative, he put her in
also. Presently, he opened the ovendoor and
there lay two little piles of white ashes. Taking a
pile in each hand he blew first one, then the other,
when immediately there they stood before him
a young man and a young woman. The Indian
outside was so frightened that he ran away.
Not long after the young Indian met an old
couple who had a great desire to be young
again and he thought he would like to try the
experiment. After putting them into a charcoal
oven and blowing the ashes from his hands,
just as he had seen Nanna-bijou do, he was
more than astonished when the ashes fell cold
and lifeless upon the ground. Soon after, it
began to be whispered about that this young
man had wilfully killed these old people, and

one morning a great crowd took him to the forest where they made such an example of him that none have since attempted to do the wonderful things that have been laid to the spirit of Nanna-bijou.



Presbyterian Church, Port Arthur
Rev. S. C. Murray, Pastor

Welcome Islands

THE Welcome Islands, or Three Sisters, has its legends also, and there are many old relics to be found, showing a primitive race of people had lived upon these islands. There are to be seen today a line of rifle pits running along both sides of the little bay or entrance to the islands, showing the remains of a deadly war between the Sioux and the Ojibways. Once inside the gap, vessels are safe from any wind, the east alone blowing over the low part of Thunder Cape Peninsula, and this the government has protected by a breakwater. The first steamer to enter Thunder Bay was the "Julia Palmer," which was hauled over the St. Marie's Falls in 1846. She was loaded with copper ore for the Montreal Mining Company, operating a copper mine on St. Ignace Island, Nepigon Bay. After discharging her cargo she coasted westward, entering Thunder Bay on September, 1846. This summer, a beautiful little pleasure steamer, called the "Mazeppa," makes two trips a day to this island, making it for the first time in history an unsealed book to the white man.

Isle Royale

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

IN the days of La Salle, Isle Royale was called Minong. It is supposed that a race of people like the Mound Builders lived upon the Island, for there are many traces of their work. It has been stated that these people knew how to harden the ore, but it is imagination, for their work shows it to have been of a very primitive character. They seem to have built fires under a vein of native copper, and when the rock became heated they threw hot water upon it, and by repeating this operation they could tear the copper away from the rock in small pieces. Here lay boundless wealth under their eyes, which they were unable to cope with. A mass of copper weighing several tons was found by a modern mining company, showing marks of fire with human hair and charcoal under it. A land corporation company of Liverpool, England, bought many acres of this beautiful island and have done a great deal of exploration work upon it. Scientists have often tried to arrive at a possible date when these people did their work, but there is nothing that would indicate the time when the work went on there. This island is one of the most beautiful in the northwest. It is wooded with fine timber and contains many lakes, streams, and beautiful bays. About a dozen lakes are over two miles in length, and one seven miles, with small islands upon it. The Island itself is forty-five miles long and eight miles wide. Some of the rivers are practically land-locked, and are havens of refuge to the many vessels who wish to take shelter during a

The Keeper of The Gate storm. The old Jesuitical legends are still believed by the Indians, as they will visit the Island during the day, but when night comes they speed away to an adjoining island and pitch their tent for the night. Here it is that forty-two chiefs visited La Salle, squatting upon the ground in grand ceremonial robes of beaver, wolf, and black squirrel skins, and later bartering them for coats, scarlet cloth, hatchets, knives, and beads. The bank swallows are still to be seen building their homes in the banks of the river, and here a beautiful green turquoise is to be found, which, when set, makes a lovely ornament. According to the Jesuitical legends, this Island was thought to be of solid copper, and Benjamin Franklin, on making the boundary line, included it in the United States territory, giving Michipocoton to Canada in exchange. Some of these lakes and streams are stocked with trout, and a fisherman who loves the sport can have no more delightful time than in the woods of Isle Royale.



The White Man's Foot.

A Summer in the Land of Hiawatha

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

OF all the trips by land or lake, the trip through the chain of lakes up to Sault St. Marie and into the big Lake Superior is the finest, islands of every shape conceivable making a picture never to be forgotten. Islands outlined in the waters as if in a mirror, some seeming not a stone's throw from the steamer's side, while others are composed of rock alone, with the trees growing out of the great fissures in the rock. As we go along slowly up the Sault River an indescribable and mysterious odor fills your whole being. The atmosphere is laden with the scent of clover blossom. We fancy we hear the words of Hiawatha,

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you,
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sandbars:
For our birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand bar!"

Here, for ten years, as I passed up and down these great lakes, has the spirit of Hiawatha come to me, but not until this summer did I know that for many years the last Chief of the Ojibways, the one who gave Longfellow his legend and story for Hiawatha, lived and died a few miles away, with his band, on the Garden River Reserve, near Sault St. Marie. There was a time when he played an important part in the history of Canada. The death of Bukjinene, the last

The Keeper of The Gate hereditary chief of the Ojibways, which occurred in February last, on the Garden River Reserve, has recalled to mind the past glories of the tribe. Bukjjinene was eighty-six years old, and was a man of remarkable intelligence, with a fine open countenance and pleasing manners. He had a wonderful memory, and having spent most of his time in that region whence Longfellow drew his tale of Hiawatha, his mind was stored with legends and traditions. Many of the marvellous exploits ascribed to Hiawatha were legendary lore in the mind of Bukjjinene, who loved to relate them in the Ojibway tongue, using many terms and phrases exactly as they occurred in Longfellow's Hiawatha. It is curious to notice the resemblance of his own name to Puwudjineiness, or "little people," in one of Longfellow's legends. Shinwauk, the father of Bukjjinene, had been a mighty man in battle, when, on one of his expeditions to the Hudson Bay Trading Post, in 1812, he learned of the war between the Americans and the British. He hurried back to the tribe, called his young braves together, and soon a fleet of canoes went humming down to Niagara. At the Battle of Queenston Heights the Ojibways fought bravely and well, with a small force under General Brock. Shinwauk returned to his hunting ground and afterwards the tribe settled upon the Garden River Reserve, near the Sault. Here he never tired recounting deeds of the war with the "Keche Mookoomaum." He composed a song to celebrate his victory which is still sung in the tribe. The refrain is supposed

to be a lament and runs "Sixty of our strong men slain." For his loyalty, Shinwauk received a silver medal from King George III, which he preserved with the greatest pride until his death, when it passed into the equally proud keeping of his son and successor to the chieftainship, Bukjjinene. Bukjjinene visited Europe with the Rev. F. F. Wilson and was presented to the Prince of Wales and was joined to his suite in a grand function. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, in 1860, he added another medal to the one Bukjjinene had inherited from Shinwauk. The Indian chief, with his native child-like spirit, "fresh with the odors of the forest, with the dew and damp of meadows", with the curling smoke of wigwams, attracted much attention in Europe. Some things impressed him there. The rich were too rich and the poor were too poor. He was content to live in his cabin and was married to the wife of his choice by the Christian Minister. There he lived, cultivating his garden in summer, making sugar from the maple trees in the spring, and trapping the otter and chasing the moose through the snows of winter, while his wife plaited mats of rushes, gathered blackberries, and cooked his fish and game quietly at home. Feeling his health fail him, he wished to see Longfellow again, thinking it might benefit his tribe. He had been invited to pay a visit to Boston but felt too old. After pondering over the matter, he sent his grandsons to interview Longfellow. After many weeks travel, they arrived in Cambridge.

**The
Keeper
of
The Gate** and great was their astonishment to hear that Longfellow had been dead since 1882. After leaving a pressing invitation for Longfellow's widow and daughter to visit the Garden River Reserve they returned home to the disappointed old chieftain. He died a few months afterwards, in February, 1900, after he and his father, Shin-wauk, holding the chieftaincy for more than a century.



Of the race of *Bukjjimene*.



HIAWATHA

"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father."

Hiawatha

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

A FEW miles from Desbarats, Kensington Point, on the St. Mary's River, or Paw-wating, as the Ojibways still call it, is played each summer the annual drama of "Hiawatha" in this cast.

CAST

Hiawatha	The Black Robe
Minnehaha	Wabeno
Pau-Puk-Keewis	Kabibonokka
Chibiabos	Mudjekeewis
Kwasind	Shawondasee
Iagoo	Wabun
Nokomis	The Ancient Arrow-maker
Snake Dancers, Braves, Squaws, Papooses, etc.	

SCENE I

In Ojibway Indian Village

A dense smoke is seen arising from a fire lighted by Gitchee Manitou (Good Spirit) as a signal to call together all the nations, that they may smoke together the pipe of peace, the Pukwana.

Upon the arrival of the warriors of different tribes,

Wildly glaring at each other,
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages—

The loving Great Spirit says:

"O my children! My poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you!"

**The
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of
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"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you trout and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the river full of fishes :
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodsheds,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord,
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a prophet to you,
A deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you, and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you,
If you listen to his counsels
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded
You will fade away and perish !

"Bathe now, in the stream before you ;
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together
And as brothers live henceforward."

Here the warriors throw down their garments of deerskin, and their weapons, and rush into the river, wash off the war paint, and, sitting in a circle, they smoke the Peace Pipe.

SCENE II

The wigwam of Nokomis, grandmother of Hiawatha. The baby in a linden cradle is being rocked by Nokomis. She sings:

"Hush, the naked bear will get thee'
Ewa-yea! My little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam,
With his great eyes, lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! My little owlet!"

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

SCENE III

Nokomis and Tagoo teach Hiawatha how to shoot.

SCENE IV

Hiawatha said to old Nokomis:

"I will go to Mudjekeewis.
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset!"

Warning, said the old Nokomis:
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha
To the kingdom of the West Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis.
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning."

Hiawatha meets Mudjekeewis, his father, and tries in vain to kill him for the wrong he has done his mother, but Mudjekeewis is immortal, he loves his son, gives him matchless advice about his people, tells him to return and share his kingdom, and sends him homeward to live among his people, the Ojibways, doing good until the return to the kingdom of the West Wind.

With the bitterness of anger gone, and a noble resolve in his mind, Hiawatha hastens homeward.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the Ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

Upon his arrival, Hiawatha tells his people the words that Mudjekeewis had told him:

"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the giants, the Wendgoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the Mountains."
"And at last when Death draws near you
When the awful eyes of Panguk
Glare upon you in the darkness
I will share my kingdom with you!
Ruler shall you be thenceforward!"

Hiawatha dwells on this, but his people do not understand.

SCENE V

The Wooing of Hiawatha

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Said Hiawatha, dreaming still of Minnehaha:

"Of the lovely laughing water
In the land of the Dacotahs,"
"Wed a maiden of your people?"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

And my Hiawatha answers:
"Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"



"At the Portals of the Sunset."

Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
“ Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling,
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands ! ”

Smiling, answered Hiawatha:
“ In the land of the Dacotahs,
Lives the Arrow maker’s daughter,
Minnehaha, laughing water,
Handsomest of all the women,
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people ! ”

Still dissuading, said Nokomis:
“ Bring not to my lodge a stranger,
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open.”

Laughing, answered Hiawatha:
“ For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten
And old wounds be healed forever.”

Hiawatha approaches the wigwam on his second visit.

The Arrow-maker, rising to meet him, says:
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha.”

At the feet of Minnehaha, Hiawatha lays a deer, and the maiden

Looked up from her mat of rushes
Said, with gentle look and accent,
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha ! ”
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha.
(Slowly)

Hiawatha says:

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways,
And the tribe of the Dacotahs;
That this peace may last forever;
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women."

(Pause)

Arrow-maker:

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes,
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."

Seating herself beside him, Minnehaha says:

"I will follow you, my husband."

As Hiawatha and Minnehaha leave, the old Arrow-maker says, standing in the door of the tent:



"And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger."

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger."

**Sleeping
Giant
of
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SCENE VI

The Wedding feast

Nokomis:

"O, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the beggar's dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily
And our guests be more contented."

Pau-Puk-Keewis dances.

Then they said to Chibabos:

Chorus:

"Sing to us, O Chibabos,
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented."

Iagoo's story is here related. Dances, games,

etc.

SCENE VII

Blessing the Cornfields — Mondamin

SCENE VIII

Gathering the Corn

SCENE IX

Picture Writing

The
Keeper
of
The Gate

Hiawatha :

"Lo, how all things fade and perish !
From the memory of the old men,
Fade away the great traditions," etc.

Gitche Manitou

Mitche Manitou, the mighty Spirit of Evil.

Serpent—crafty, cunning : and many signs drawn on skins and bark.

SCENE X

Medicine men. Pau-Puk-Keewis and his winnings. "Hark you," shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis, "I am tired of all this talking." As a taunt to Hiawatha. With a stealthy step he entered, etc. As an insult to Nokomis, as a taunt to Minnehaha, etc. Iagoo tells of the hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, of his death and of his changing into an eagle.

Here scenes are sometimes introduced that suit the locality or the cast in some special way.

SCENE XI

Iagoo tells of the White Man's foot

"He had seen, he said, a water,
Bigger than the big sea water,
Broader than the Gitchee Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it."

(Women and men scoff.)

"Kaw," they said, "we don't believe it."
"O'er it," said he, "o'er this water,
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine trees,
Taller than the tallest tree tops!"
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other,
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it."

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

Sleeping
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of
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In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered.
"Kaw!" etc.

Only Hiawatha laughed not:
"True is all Iagoo tells us,
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitchie Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on His errand,
Sends them to us with His message;
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitchie Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision."

"I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be;
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations;
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,

**The
Keeper
of
The Gate**

Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms;
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of autumn!"

SCENE XII

**Coming of the Black Robe, in a Canoe,
with Guides**

Hiawatha says to the missionary and his companions:

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us!"

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us."

The missionary answers in broken Indian:

"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"

All braves, old men, etc.:

"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you came so far to see us!"

**Sleeping
Giant
of
Lake Superior**

The message of the gospel is then given.

The chiefs' answer:

"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us;
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you came so far to see us!"

SCENE XIII

Departure

Hiawatha says adieu to his people in the village, and then says to Nokomis and the tribe:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them,
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger, nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha."

"I am going, oh, my people,
On a long and distant journey,
Many moons and many winters,
Will have come and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you,
But my guests I leave behind me.
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them,
From the land of light and morning!"

**The
Keeper
of
The Gate**

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting,
On the clear and luminous water,
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin,
Shoved it forth into the water,
Whispered to it, "Westward, westward,"
And with speed it darted forward.

And they said, "Farewell for ever,"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"



"Thus departed Hiawatha."

NORF. Miss Alice M. Longfellow, who witnessed the play at Desbarats, says:

"It possessed an indescribable charm. The spot selected for the drama could not have been more beautiful or more appropriate. Kensington Point, Desbarats, is in the very heart of the Ojibway Land, and the legend came from there in the long ago."

"Mr. Armstrong originated the idea. The drama was delightful from beginning to end. It was made up of consecutive scenes from the poem, and although a great many of the minor parts were omitted, the whole legend has been told at the conclusion of the performance."

Lake Superior

THIS grand reservoir of the St. Lawrence is over 350 miles long by 160 miles in its widest part, comprising an area of 32,000 square miles. Its greatest depth is 1,200 feet, making its bottom 603 feet below, and its surface 597 feet above sea level. The chief rivers flowing into Northern Lake Superior are the Kaministika, the Nepigon, the Black Sturgeon, Current, McKenzie, Carp, and many lesser streams, all having their origin in the Height of Land, or water shed, dividing the waters flowing into Hudson's Bay from those of Lake Superior.

Upon Lake Superior's rugged hip,
Far reaching toward the boundless west,
Up borne by storm the white-winged ship,
Finds a safe haven and a rest.

Nepigon River

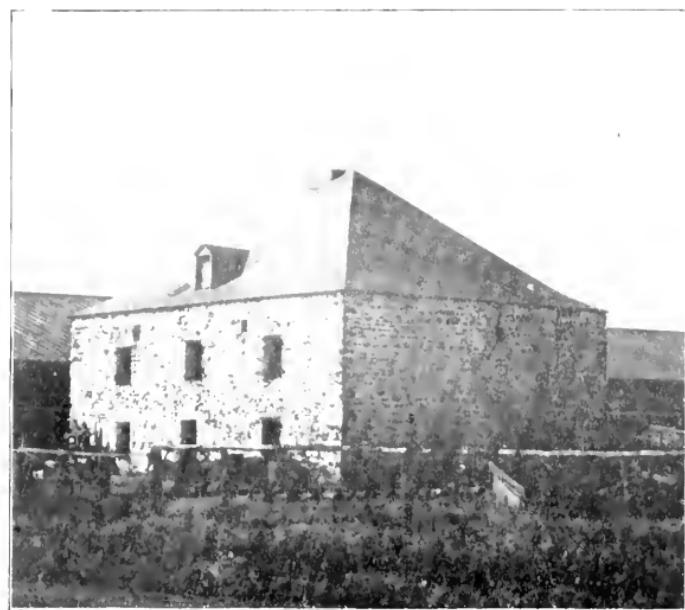


TROUT fishing alone should draw all lovers of sport to Nepigon River. The size of its fish and the exquisite beauty of river and lakes are memories for life. This is the largest and clearest river that enters Lake Superior. It is forty-three miles long and averages 285 feet wide and has fifteen chutes or falls. Near the river mouth is the famous Red Rock, sacred to the Manitou, or Great Spirit, and carved with symbolic characters by early Indians who made their calumets or pipes from it. Here also is an old post of the Hudson Bay Company, and a good dock to which vessels can run direct from any point on the great lakes and have safe harbor. Judge Hamil-

ton was the first fly fisher on the Nepigon. He discovered a pool where the trout were seen plainly swimming and jumping. The guide thought the place was enchanted as he had never seen fish jumping in this manner before. The pool was named after Judge Hamilton. There is Lake Lomond, on the other side of Mount McKay, which holds such trout and grouse as would make a sportsman wonder how it could be kept quiet and so few know it. The trolling for black bass in Loon Lake, and for trout, pickerel, and pike in Lake Superior and streams in the district is abundant. The Kaministica River is one of the most beautiful spots in Canada, and a never-ending pleasure to the tourist. Point DeMeuron, on the banks of the Kaministica, is historic ground, for our present Lord Milton was born there. Mount McKay, with its thousands of feet of cliffs which are mirrored with shrub and blossom in the water below, makes a picture never to be forgotten. Port Arthur was first called the "Station." In 1870, when General Wolseley came up the lakes with his troops to Manitoba, the soldiers called it the "Station," and later it was given the name of "Prince Arthur," and in 1883 the name was changed, to please the C. P. R., to Port Arthur.

Geographically

THIE twin towns, Port Arthur and Fort William, occupy a unique position. One but needs to look at the map of the North American continent to perceive the position they hold between the east and the boundless prairies of the west, the "Golden Gateway" to the granaries of the world. Port Arthur, with its beautiful building sites and its broad harbor, is equalled only by the Bay of Naples, while Fort William, situated upon the banks of the Kaministika River where it empties into Thunder Bay, at the head of Lake Superior, is the center of the continent from east to west, being distant 1629 miles from Halifax, and 1908 miles from Vancouver, and is the head of navigation and finds outlet in the Atlantic Ocean. These towns are now the greatest grain centers of the world, and the millions of bushels of wheat and merchandise enroute to the world make them second to none.



Foot of the White Man in 1869

As a Health Resort

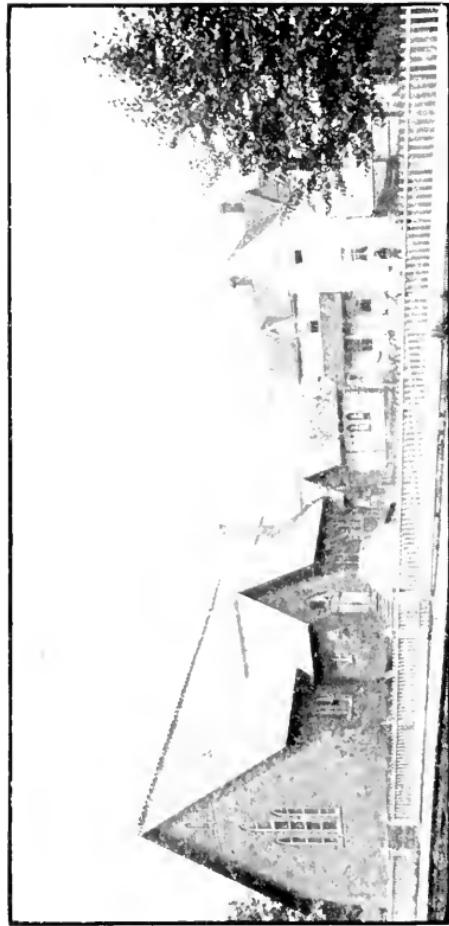
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THREE is no healthier region in the world than the north shore of Lake Superior. The air is cool and gives to the invalid a tonic effect. In winter the snow is like dry powder, and falls from the garment dry and crisp. It is the summer air that is delightful, never too hot, while the nights are one long restful sleep. The lake breezes, with the odor of clover in the air, do more for the health than all the medicines in the world. The many excursions to the beautiful islands soothes and strengthens the nerves, while there is something interesting to be seen in mountain and glen all the summer.

Should you ask me whence these stories?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the land of the Ojibways.



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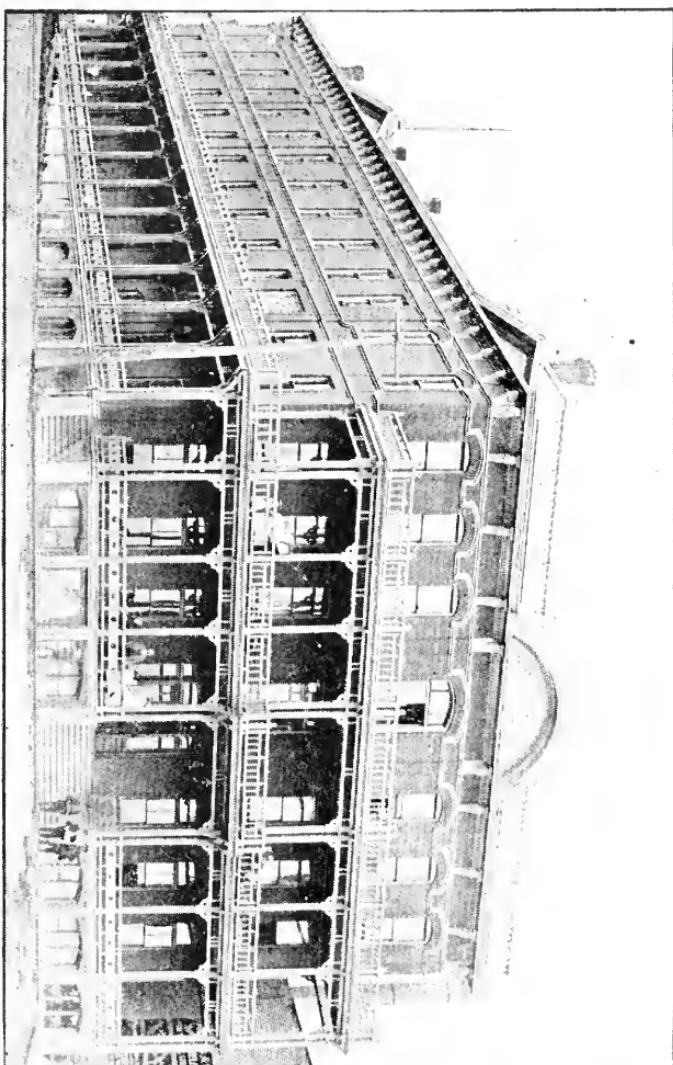
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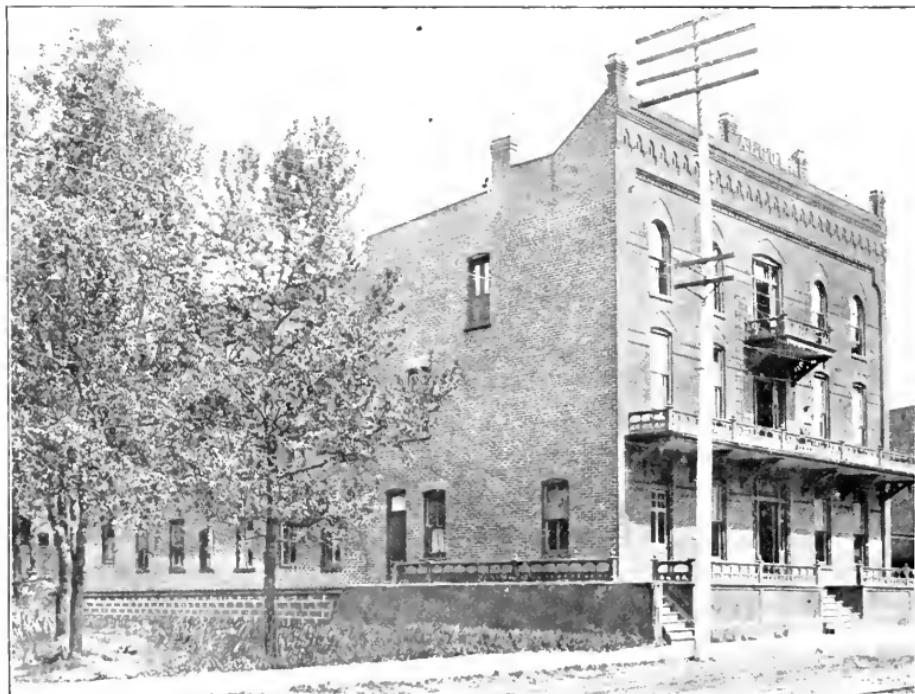


S. E.
Coolidge
Manager

The Northern Inn, Port Arthur, Ont.

Algoma Hotel

Port Arthur, Ont.



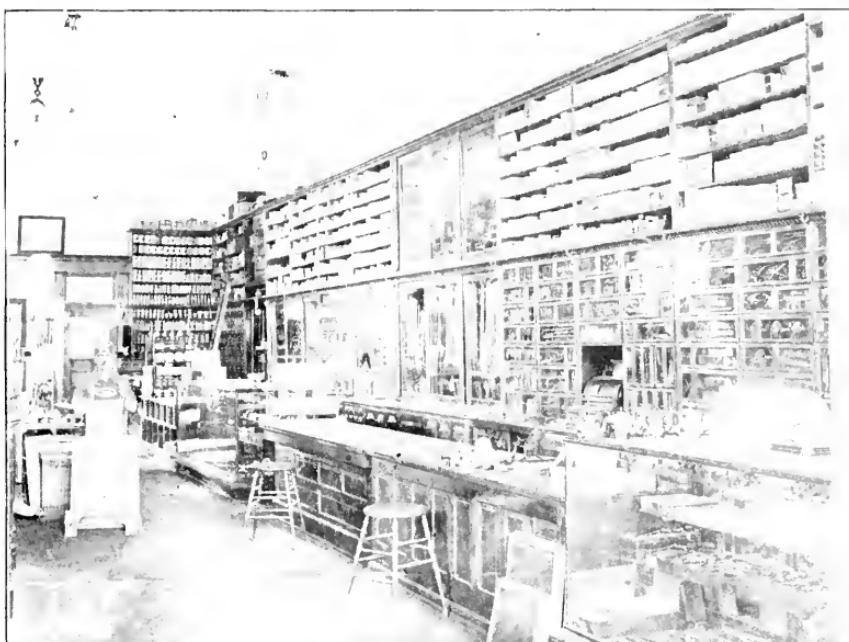
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Master ... CAPTAIN THOMPSON

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There is no more beautiful place in the world than the mystical Thunder Bay region. Exploring and fishing parties can charter the Steamer "*Mazeppa*" for an excursion to all points on Mount McKay. No more delightful trip can be planned than to invite your inner circle of friends and visit the beautiful islands around the bay, for they are teeming with legend and story. The "*Mazeppa*" will run daily to Welcome Islands, and trips can be arranged to Carp River, McKenzie and Blend River, and up the Kaministica River to Pointe DeMeuron. The two towns upon the North shore of Lake Superior, Port Arthur and Fort William, hold connection with all the world, as steamers from all parts touch at their docks. The C. P. R. and the Canadian Northern Railroads run in connection with the boats.

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Our stock is the largest in the District, and comprises everything which you would expect to find in a well-appointed Pharmacy.

We would especially call your attention to our stock of *Druggists' Sundries*—all the leading *Perfumes and Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Sponges, etc.*

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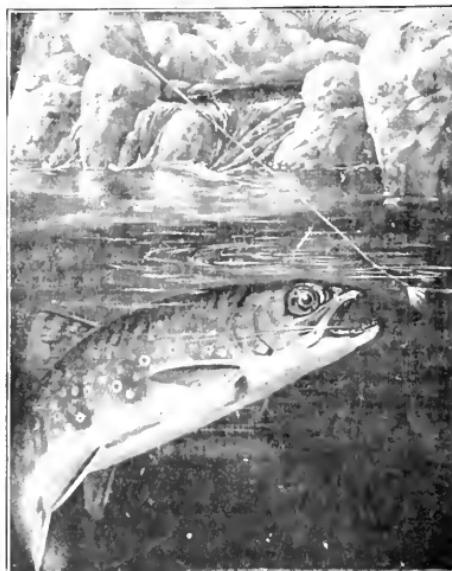
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but it has the progressiveness that is born of youth.

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Abbot, W. W., Methodist Church
Albion Hotel, John Manion, Proprietor
Algoma Steam Laundry
Algoma Livery Stable, A. Mireault, Proprietor
A. Allen, Mason
Amos, F., Stone Mason
Andrews, E. K., Butcher
Aripin, S. J., Rev. L., Roman Catholic Church
Avenue Hotel, E. J. Rochon, Proprietor, Victoria Avenue
Avenue Livery Stables, Harrington & Co.

Bandin, S. J., Rev. A., Indian Mission
Bank of Montreal, Simpson Street and Victoria Avenue
Bank of Ontario, Victoria Avenue
Baptist Church, Rev. C. Scott
Baptist Mission School, Mrs. Shirk
Bell Telephone Co., Victoria Avenue
Berdsall, Dr. W. W., Simpson Street
Boreham, A. J., Ticket Agent C. P. R.
Brown, A. H. & Co., Butchers, Victoria Avenue
Brown, A. H. (A. H. B. & Co.), Victoria Avenue
Brown, G. W., Manager, Gordon, Ironsides & Fairs
Burlingham, H. C., Manager, Fort William Journal
Busheed, F. F., Division Engineer C. P. R.

Campbell, A., Chief of Police
Campbell, J. F., Blacksmith
Campbell, W., Carpenter
Cameron, A., Plumber
Cameron, Superintendent C. P. R.
Canada Permanent Loan Co., C. W. Jarvis
Carpenter & Co., Contractors
Cherry, Thomas, Drayman, near Coal Docks
Church of England, Rev. E. J. Harper
Clarke, F. H., Druggist, Simpson Street
Cleasby, John, Carpenter
Collen, H., Plumber
Cook, F., Watchmaker
Cooper, O. H., Commission Agent
Cooper, Thomas, Machinist
Cosgrove, G. F., Lighthouse Keeper
Currie, E. C., General Merchant

Day, W., Painter, West Fort
Dodds, W. J., Police Constable
Dow, Thomas, Merchant
Dugas, S. J., Rev. A., Indian Mission
Dunbar, Thomas, Barber, Victoria Avenue

- Edwards, W. H., Blacksmith, West Fort
- Fairall, W., Watchmaker, Simpson Street
- Farncombe, A. E., Mining Engineer, West Fort
- Ferguson, A., Carpenter
- Fluet, S. J., Rev. A., Roman Catholic Church
- Fort William Hand Laundry, Victoria Avenue
- Fraser, J. H., Barber, Victoria Avenue
- Fraser, W. R., Baker and Confectioner
- Gibbs, F. E., Dominion Grain Inspector
- Gifford, W., Blacksmith
- Gordon, Ironsides & Fares, Butchers
- Gorman, Mrs. M. T., Windsor Hotel
- Gorrie, A. J., Chief Clerk, Superintendent Railways
- Graham, George, Lumber Merchant
- Graham & Horne, Lumber Mills
- Guérard, Queen's Hotel, West Fort
- Hacquoil, G., Butcher
- Hacquoil, H., Pacific Hotel
- Hamilton, B. G., Editor Journal Office
- Hamilton, R. M., Merchant
- Hanna, W. L., Baker
- Harkness, H., Butcher
- Hartley, George, Broommaker
- Hogarth, W. Butcher
- Hogarth, W. F., Merchant
- Hollingshead, John, Grain Inspector
- Hudson Bay Stores, Simpson Street
- Jarvis, C. W., Manager, Ray, Street & Co.
- Jarvis, S. J., Bank of Montreal
- Jerome, S. J., Rev. L., Indian Mission
- Jones, S. J., Merchant, Victoria Avenue
- Kaministiquia Hotel, R. Smith, Proprietor
- King, Joseph L., Presbyterian Church
- King & Co., Merchants, Victoria Avenue
- Lanvigin, S. J., Rev. A., Indian Mission
- Leach, J. E., Photographer
- Lewis, H., Tailor
- Lewis, R., Carpenter
- Livingstone, J., Collector of Customs
- Lyone, A., Finiter
- Mabey, R. S., Blacksmith
- MacDonald, A., Cooper

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- MacInwright, Grain Merchant
Manion, John, Albion Hotel
Manion, P., St. Louis Hotel
Marlatt, H., Manager Hudson Bay Stores
Methodist Church, Rev. W. W. Abbott
Methodist Church, Rev. W. W. Woolden
Midway Livery, Manion & Murphy
Miller, James, Grocer
Milner, W., Blacksmith
Merault, A., Livery Stable Keeper
Mollifan, James, Dairyman
Morrison & Co., Grocers
Morris, F. R., Barrister, Victoria Block
Morton, E. H., Town Secretary and Treasurer
Morton, John, General Merchant
Morton, W. L., Solicitor
McConnell, Thomas, Road Commissioner
McCauley, T. H., Bell Telephone Co.
McCreanor, J., Proprietor Queen's Hotel
McClure, D., Grocer
McClure & Hurley, Simpson Street
McDonald, V., Blacksmith
McDonald, James, Baker
McGrath, John, Blacksmith
McKellar, John, 180 Front Street
McKellar, Donald, Mining Expert
McKellar Peter, F. G. S. & F. G. S. A.
McKibben, H. A., Arreated Water Factor
McLaurin, John, General Merchant
McLaurin & Dow, General Merchants
McPhalen, F. J., Landing Waiter
- Newsome, W. H., City Dairy
Newbegging, James, Painter
Niblock, W., Pleasure boats for Hire
- Oakley, T. Ed., Harbor Master
- Pacific Hotel, John Macquoil Proprietor
Palling, W., Carpenter
Perry, F. C., Lumber Merchant
Piper, James, Merchant
Piper, T. M., Merchant
Piper, R. S., Merchant
Piper, W. S., Merchant
Presbyterian Church, Rev. King, West Fort
Pyette, J., Stone Mason
- Queen's Hotel, R. Geurard, West Fort

Rankin, W., Carpenter
Rayneau, James, Blacksmith
Ray, Street & Co., Bankers, Simpson Street
Reid, M. T., Millwright
Rivais, J. S., Barber, Simpson Street
Robertson & Leadbetter, Painters
Rochon, A., Carpenter
Rochon, E. J., Avenue Hotel
Robin, Miss E., Storekeeper
Robin, T., Storekeeper
Romain, A., Stonemason
Roman Catholic Chrch, Rev. Father Arpin
Ross & Strachan, Jewelers
Rowand, W. S., Presbyterian Church
Rumsey, W., Baggage Master, Railway Station
Russell, James A., Saddler
Russell, P. J., Publisher
Rutledge, E., Merchant
Rutledge & Jackson, Merchants
Rutledge, E. S., Town Clerk

Sadler, George, Tobacco Store
Salvation Army, Capt. Dwyer
Sam Sing, Laundry
Sanderson, Mex, Butcher
Scott, Rev. C. E., Baptist Church
Shetlock, R., Bridge Builder
Smith, E., Manitoba Hotel
Smith, E. C., Turner
Smellie, D., Surgery
Smith, John S., Carpenter
Smith, R., Kaministiquia Hotel Proprietor
Smith, W. H., Superintendent Water Works
Snellgrove Bros., Merchants
Sproule, W., Baker
Stewartson, C., Drayman
Stevens, S., Cat Feed Manufacturer
Stinson, J. C., Contractor
Symes, E., Deputy Grain Inspector

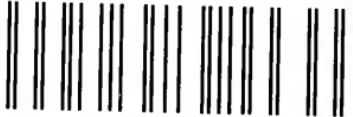
Taylor, D., Feed and Grain Merchant
Taylor, J. W., High School Teacher
Times, The Fort William, T. W. Rutledge & D. Smith
Timbers, E. A., Merchant
Todd & Jones, Painters
Todd, Frederick, Painter
Thoms, A., Bill Poster
Thomas, S., Cut Wood Contractor
Thompson, A., Ship Carpenter
Thompson, L., Tinsmith

Trembley, H., Bootmaker
Troutman, R. E., Editor Fort William Times
Tuick, L. Editor Times
Tulley, W., Grain Merchant

Uren, W. J., Train Despatcher

Wayland, E. R., Grain Merchant
Wells, J. L., Clerk of the Court
Western, W., Stationer
Whalen, King & Co.
Whitley, J., Painter
Wilson, A. H., Teamster
Wilson, M. C., Clerk in charge of Postoffice
Wilson, R., Water Works Foreman
Wilson, W., Lamplighter
Winn, John, Barber
Wocker, E., Soda Water Factory
Wright, Thomas, Turner
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